THE
# NATION

JANUARY 16, 1960 . . 25c

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## RUSSIA:
## From Terror to Incentive

*Alexander Werth*

## Dixie Hate in Yankee Suburb

*Robert Gruenberg*

## THE BOAT-SHOW CIRCUS

*Joseph Whitehill*

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# LETTERS

## Doing His Share

*Dear Sirs*: I'm just a little guy who has just finished reading the October 31 issue of *The Nation*. I simply want to thank you for printing "The Shame of New York."

If I had thirty bucks, I'd order 100 copies and give one to each of my friends. But I'm a vet, just finishing college and I'm a little pressed for cash. So instead of ordering the 100 copies, I'll spend 30 cents for a book binder and I'll cover my priceless issue and lend it to anyone who wants to read it. And I hope in this small way to do my share in keeping the people of New York informed.

As for the authors, Gleason and Cook . . . they've done a magnificent job.

JOHN R. LANCELLOTTI

*New York City*

[*See offer on back page.* — EDITORS.]

## Secret Menace

*Dear Sirs*: Your editorial in the issue of January 2 entitled "You Pay Your Money But Where's Your Choice?"* struck this writer as very significant. I also attempted to obtain the name of the car that had this terrific increase in accidents. The results of this attempt added up to a complete nil.

Here we have a case where a matter was investigated with the taxpayer's and motorist's money, yet no one will reveal the data that may save a driver's life and mitigate the severity of a motor-vehicle accident.

FRED FELD

*Newark, N. J.*

**The editorial commented on an inquiry, sponsored by the Department of Defense, into the safety qualities of two of the three U. S. autos in the "low price" field. The inquiry showed one car to be 50 per cent more "accident-prone" than the other. The cars were not named.* —EDITORS.

## Our Own Petard

*Dear Sirs*: Judging from the back cover of the December 19 issue ("Give *The Nation* for Christmas"), Beatty, in his article "Christmas Ad Absurdum" (same issue), should have appended the legend "present company excepted."

R. G. GAUVEY

*Urbana, O.*

## Christmas Cheer

*Dear Sirs*: The following programs were offered on the Philadelphia TV channels to delight viewers on Christmas Day. (The descriptions are taken from the *TV GUIDE*.)

**In the morning.**

*Way of Life*: (1) A N. Y. priest is accused as accessory after the fact in a burglary.

(2) A chaplain helps in shaping strategy at the Battle of the Bulge.

**In the afternoon.**

*Day In Court*: Woman who shot at her husband.

**In the evening.**

*Shotgun Slade*: A piano player scorned by a singer threatens to kill her.

*Rawhide*: Incident of the Calico Gun.

*Trouble Shooters*: Kodiak investigates a minor theft. . . .

*Lock Up*: Police hold prize fighter for the murder of his wife.

*Man from Blackhawk*: . . . Thompson is killed by a hired gun.

*Sunset Strip*: . . . Her brother was killed for refusing to co-operate with juke-box racketeers.

*M Squad*: Three college boys made to rob a bank.

*Detectives*: A murderer escapes from prison and sets out to kill his former wife.

*Black Saddle*: An injured man . . . tells how he is being unjustly hunted.

*Movie*: A singer searches for her brother, wanted for murder.

*Movie*: A convict suggests his wife accept a marriage proposal from a wealthy suitor.

*Movie*: A policeman obsessed by portrait of girl whose murder he is attempting to solve.

*Movie*: A mad doctor and a psychopathic killer escape from prison . . .

Interwoven with these were programs celebrating the coming of the Prince of Peace and the message of good will toward men.

COLIN W. BELL

*Swarthmore, Pa.*

## Misunderstanding

*Dear Sirs*: In the editing of my article, "Diplomas for Sale," which appeared in your Dec. 26 issue, the following sentence was added in your office: "The truth is that most of them are not fit to teach." I wrote nothing to justify the inclusion of this sentence. The point of my argument was that able liberal-arts graduates who do not teach in public schools because they can't and won't meet certification requirements are largely non-existent. I had nothing whatsoever to say about the teaching abilities of those few persons who are liberal-arts graduates, who teach in private schools, and who are not eligible to teach in public schools.

MYRON LIEBERMAN

*Cleveland, O.*

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THE NATION

# EDITORIALS

## The Prat Fall in Steel

A standard comedy device is the discomfiture of the high and mighty. Its origins go far back in stage history. It is particularly effective when the great ones slip on their own banana peels. Such has been the fate of the negotiators for the steel companies, and few will commiserate with them. There is, however, in this grand fiasco a lesson for industrialists capable of learning from other people's experience. It is a case of the wrong people doing the wrong things on such a scale that they cannot well be called to account, yet a repetition elsewhere might be perilous, now that the results in steel can be seen and evaluated.

Steel management overreached itself badly and lost; the unfortunate part of it is that the country loses too. The strategy of the steel negotiators is not difficult to discern and at the outset it was superficially plausible. The negotiators, Messrs. Roger M. Blough, R. Conrad Cooper, et al, were a new team, out to establish a reputation for toughness. This was to be their year. Union labor in general was under the cloud of the McClellan investigations. In addition, the Steelworkers' union had its own sickness in the conflict between President David McDonald and the insurgent group led by Don G. Rarick.

The steel industry had some legitimate grievances: much of the opposition to automation had simply been obstructive. Its representatives came up with a public-relations angle which looked effective: riding on Eisenhower's coattails, they posed as the enemies of inflation. Steel inventories were high, the industry had had a prosperous season and it was well heeled. How could it lose? The attitude was summed up by Cooper's statement to McDonald, quoted by B. J. Widick ("Big Steel's Blunder," *The Nation*, November 28, 1959): "Unless you change your attitude, Dave, we are going to destroy you." At the next bargaining session Cooper tried to soften this, but he went about it in an odd way. "Dave, I wasn't talking about destroying you personally," he explained. "I was talking about destroying the union." Did he think he wouldn't be quoted? What McDonald could not do by himself, Cooper succeeded in doing: he united the union behind McDonald.

The folly of the whole performance is, in retrospect, almost incredible. The union did not want to strike. It would have settled for some changes in the work rules and a small wage increase. But Cooper and Company drove for a massive change in the work rules: henceforth they were going to run the plants as they saw fit, laying off whom they wanted, when they wanted. Whatever disunity remained among the Steelworkers was thereupon forgotten. The irony of it is that an early compromise could so easily have been reached. A. H. Raskin, labor editor of *The New York Times*, suggests that a strike-free settlement could have been reached "if the industry had put as little as a nickel on the table without pressing the explosive work-rule issue." His conclusion is that the steel producers "tried to accomplish too much too quickly and . . . suffered almost total defeat in the process." (On page 50 of this issue, Joseph Ershun details one aspect of the work-rules problem: safety regulations.)

The strike could not be allowed to resume after the injunction period ended. Richard Nixon and Secretary of Labor James Mitchell did not find it too difficult to bring the industry representatives to terms. Nixon represented Eisenhower; Congressional action was in the offing. Once the union had its back up, it could not be coerced, but the industry could. For Nixon and Mitchell it is, of course, a handsome political bonus which may pay off next November.

So the mighty fell. If the manager of a supermarket showed as little adroitness in human relations, he would soon find himself on the street. The moral for industry is that the tough team doesn't necessarily win. Moderation still has its uses, and industry would be well advised, in its own interest, to lay aside the big stick.

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## *Cherchez le* Lockheed

It is the fashion just now to depict General de Gaulle as a stiff-necked soldier bent on sabotaging NATO. Editorializing on this topic in the issue of January 2, *The Nation* suggested that this view was too simple. Some further evidence has come to light indicating that General de Gaulle, though less flexible than an eel at any time, becomes stiff in proportion to the efforts of his dear friends and allies to do him in.

The Providence *Sunday Journal* of January 3 gives the latest developments in the "containment" of the French Mirage III interceptor, and they account in considerable measure for de Gaulle's recalcitrance. "Plane Lobbies Widen NATO Rift," is the title of the story by George W. Herald, which begins, "A billion-dollar battle for Europe's military aircraft markets . . . threatens to undermine the Bonn-Paris entente and with it the whole Atlantic alliance." This entente, it now appears, was based partly on the French expectation of becoming the main supplier of the new German *Luftwaffe* and other NATO air forces. The Mirage III was not to be constructed entirely in France — the Germans were to get a share of the business — but France was to get both revenue and prestige out of its adoption.

But then American aerospace manufacturers began to invade Europe. Among them were the stalwart salesmen of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, who persuaded German Defense Minister Franz-Joseph Strauss that the Lockheed F-104 Starfighter was the interceptor of the future, assuming that interceptors had a future. So Lockheed bought into Heinkel-Messerschmidt, and Heinkel-Messerschmidt began manufacturing Starfighters for Germany and other NATO partners. Herr Strauss also used his good offices in Belgium and Holland to assist the Lockheed salesmen there. The upshot was that Lockheed got a $400 million order from the Dutch, and Belgium may follow Holland. The French sent their Foreign Minister, M. Couve de Murville, to Holland in an effort to counter the Lockheed seduction, but in vain. *Le Monde* comments, "Unless France can make NATO accept her product . . . she has only the choice between building other people's planes under license or ruining herself. . . ." The cartoonists can have their sport with General de Gaulle, but in the light of all this, his behavior appears less strange— in fact, not strange at all.

## The Dialectic of Democracy

Prince Edward County is located deep in southern Virginia's tobacco-rich Piedmont country between the James River and the North Carolina border. There are no cities or large towns; the principal trading center is Farmville, a town of neat white houses and numerous churches. The county has between 15,000 and 16,000 residents, of whom it is estimated that 47 per cent are Negro and 53 per cent white. The school population reverses this ratio: 53 per cent are Negro (1,780), while 47 per cent are white (1,562). Over the years, the residents, white and Negro, have not been keen about voting; only a small number (1,800) of the total adult population turned out to vote in the last election.

Of recent years, the county has been bothered by only two serious social problems, both of which are now well on the way to solution. The first, that of school segregation, has been disposed of by simply closing the twenty-one public schools in the county and setting up a system of private schools, financed by voluntary contributions, "for whites only." Since September, Prince Edward has enjoyed the unique distinction of being the only American county without a public-school system.

Now, apparently, it is about to solve the second of its social problems, voter apathy. Of 3,400 potential Negro voters, only 759 had been registered; and of these, only half voted in the last election. But a new issue — "We Want to Change the Board of Supervisors" — is bringing them to the registrar's office in droves (there is nothing to hinder Negro registration in Virginia). There is a very good chance that the next election will bring out the largest vote in county history.

But in the measure that Prince Edward County succeeds in solving the problem of voter apathy, it may be forced to reconsider its ingenious, but rather harsh, solution of the school problem. The dialectic of democracy is often obscure and retarded, but despite the frustrations and exasperations it sometimes breeds, it works fairly well over the long haul.

## The Hole in the Theory

The question of detecting underground nuclear explosions has become so confused that the ordinary citizen may be pardoned for turning to the sports page. Last January, the United States announced that traditional underground tests had indicated that the detection system tentatively agreed to at Geneva would be less effective than the experts had originally thought. The next counter-step was the so-called Berkner Report, prepared by a committee of experts named by the President and released on June 12. This report indicated that research might well raise the efficiency of seismic detection of underground nuclear blasts to a point roughly equal to what had been originally calculated. The report took note of the so-called "decoupling" effect of an underground explosion conducted in a cavern; in such an explosion the source of energy would be separated from the medium (rock and earth) through which the effects would be transmitted to the detecting instruments.

The answer to this was the declassification, in October, of a Rand Corporation report which had been



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prepared at the suggestion of Dr. Edward Teller. The Rand report calculated that a bomb twenty times the size of the one exploded at Hiroshima could theoretically be fired in a cavern under such conditions that the seismic instruments would record it at one-three-hundredth of its size. This calculation, known as "the big-hole theory," has been widely reported in a manner that suggests that atomic blasts in caverns are virtually undetectable. But there is a big hole in the big-hole theory. Professor Jay Orear, who collaborated with Dr. Seymour Melman in a study of detection systems, says that to apply cushioning to a 100-kiloton bomb, an underground cavity 800 feet in diameter would be required. Such a cavity would hold a dozen R. C. A. buildings, it would probably take several years to build, the explosives required for excavation would probably agitate hostile seismographs, and the moving of the millions of tons of rock would scarcely escape the notice of intelligence agencies, or, if an agreement had been reached, of control stations. Dr. Orear points out that cushioning has been discussed in Geneva and he concludes, ". . . put into its proper perspective, the new technique of cushioning does not make obsolete the improved inspection system that was agreed upon by both sides at the recent 'experts' meeting in Geneva."

The small risks that a test ban entails are as nothing compared with the enormous risks of unrestricted testing. The choice before us is whether to accept a suspension agreement backed up by a reasonably efficient inspection system that can be steadily improved, all as a first step toward disarmament, or of continuing the nuclear-arms race which may well lead to war. The "big-hole theory" is ingenious, but it is merely one of a series of detours away from a suspension agreement which those who are eager to resume unrestricted testing have from time to time devised.

## Albert Camus

Albert Camus, essayist, novelist, dramatist of the "absurd," was killed on January 4 in a stupid automobile accident at the age of 46. With his death France and the world suffer a deep loss. As Anatole France said in his funeral eulogy of Emile Zola, Camus was "a moment in the conscience of mankind." That conscience was less desperate in Zola's time than in ours. Then writers believed they could remake the world; today, as Camus himself said, our task is to keep the world from destroying itself.

What made Camus a symbolic and inspiring personality to us was not the literary and artistic excellence of his work — fine as that is — but his spiritual strength that was rooted in a soil of bitterness and dismay. He was no faith healer, no ideologist with a guaranteed solution of anything. He found himself in the situation occupied by the majority of thinking men of our time: "the heir of the corrupt history" of the past fifty years. His early work is a reflection of the nihilism of the generation that reached the age of twenty just as Hitler was seizing power, witnesses to the war in Spain, the Second World War and now the threat of a future war of annihilation.

In this nightmare of negatives Camus recognized his role of "rebel": a heroic sanity reaffirming itself against all rational quibble. He believed in nothing so much as the need to fight for life against falsehood and slavery. "In the midst of winter, I finally learned that there was in me invincible summer."

"I am a man still almost young," Camus said in his beautiful speech upon the award of the Nobel Prize in 1957, "possessed only of his doubts and of a work still in progress." In his acceptance of his doubts (and his ability to face them), as well as in his readiness to progress with his work toward the goal of saving a humanity enfeebled by guilt, indecision and confusion, Camus became a leader and a light for civilized men everywhere. He admitted that in a sense we are in ruins; he felt just as devoutly that because we are still alive we must begin to build anew from the wreck.

HAROLD CLURMAN

## Welcome to WBAI

Part at least of the fetid atmosphere created at year's end by quiz-show frauds and payola scandals, has been dispelled for radio listeners in the New York area by the fact that, as of January 10, WBAI-FM (99.5 mc) is being operated as a non-commercial, listener-sponsored station by the Pacifica Foundation. Pacifica also owns and operates KPFK and KPFA in California. Its formula—recorded music and a wide variety of news and discussion programs—has been thoroughly tested by the two West Coast stations and should prove equally successful in New York. The extraordinary fact that it is impossible to buy time to place commercials of any type on WBAI invests the station with immunity from the pressures that have helped bring commercial radio and TV to their present low estate. Appropriately, the opening discussions on WBAI included a panel on "Payola and Mental Poverty." For January 15, the station has scheduled a two-hour discussion on "The Coming Death of Caryl Chessman" which will be of special interest to *Nation* readers; participants will include former Governor Goodwin J. Knight, several of Chessman's legal advisers, a psychiatrist and a physician formerly on the medical staff of San Quentin Prison.

*The Nation* has been invited to present over WBAI's facilities a bimonthly program on current events. Details on the date and time of this program, as well as information concerning WBAI's listener-sponsored plan, can be obtained directly from the station (30 E. 39 Street, New York 16, N. Y.)



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# RUSSIA: From Terror to Incentive.. *by Alexander Werth*

*Readers of* The Nation *and of several British publications (the Sunday* Times, *Manchester* Guardian, *etc.) will recall the remarkable wartime journalism of Alexander Werth, one of the few foreign correspondents who watched World War II from inside the Soviet Union. Mr. Werth summarized his Russian adventure — it lasted from 1941 to 1948 — in three books*: The Year of Stalingrad, Leningrad *and* Musical Uproar in Moscow (*a critique of Zhdanovism*).

*Now European correspondent for* The Nation, *Mr. Werth has returned to the Soviet Union for the first time since he left, in 1948, at the height of Stalin's power. This is the first of two articles on the changes he has found.*

*Moscow*

THE TWO MONTHS I have just spent in the Soviet Union, after an absence of eleven years, have left me with such a multitude of impressions that I had better start with a simple enumeration of those which seem to me most significant.

I

First, of course, there is the greatly improved living standard: thousands of apartment blocks (in Moscow alone 240,000 families, or about a million people, were moved into new apartments in the last year, and there are similar developments in other cities); the large quantities of food to be seen everywhere; the better standard of dress; the universal passion for "gadgets"—cameras, TV, refrigerators, washing-machines, electric razors; installment buying—"for anyone regularly employed in Moscow"—of TV sets, watches, clothes, jewelry, furs, coats, etc.; the "Westernization" of everyday life by means of such widespread innovations as the network of self-service bars and restaurants (albeit still rather primitive), store deliveries to regular customers, the sale of precooked dishes which need only heating before serving; an important (though not spectacular) increase in the traffic, with 5,000 taxis and 30,000 purely private cars roaming Moscow's streets; the vast improvements in urban transport, etc. True, along with all this, one can still travel for miles in a Moscow bus and see little except rows and rows of rather decrepit wooden *izbas;* you can still find that many people earn a miserable wage of 350 or 400 rubles a month (nominally $35 to $40, in reality even less); that good-quality shoes and clothes are still expensive (a better man's suit costs 1,000 rubles, or an average month's wage); that many houses are still as overcrowded as they were in the days of Zoschenko, with ugly squabbles going on in the communal kitchen.

But all this is now said to belong to the realm of "survivals of the past"; today houses are built on the principle of one-family-to-one-apartment; minimum wages will shortly be nearly doubled; clothes will become cheaper. It is already possible to buy cheaply presentable-looking shoes and clothes made of those synthetic materials at which Khrushchev recently asked his fellow citizens not to sneer; he said they were a triumph of the vast new chemical industries that were now springing up. "During the war," he said, "we used to laugh at the German soldiers dressed in uniforms 'made of wood'; yet the principle of the thing was correct."

One cannot escape the impression that, by and large, and for the first time in her history, *Russia has the feeling of belonging to the "have," not to the "have-not," nations,* and that Stalin's ruthless policy of investing in heavy industry is at last beginning to pay dividends to the consumer. Already the consumer—who once bought *anything* that was available—is grumbling about quality; but it is not doubted that this quality will soon "catch up with the West." That is why last summer's American trade fair did not make quite the overwhelming impression it was expected to make; many Russians even complained that "it was too much like a department store, and didn't give us any idea of the grandeur of industrial America."

In many fields, the quality *is* catching up with the West: books are both excellently produced and cheaper than in the West, while phonograph records, which used to be shockingly bad, are now quite as good as any made in the West. One can buy a twelve-inch Szymanowski *Sonata* and *Concerto* played by Oistrakh, or two late Prokofiev sonatas played by the equally stupendous Sviatoslav Richter for the equivalent of $1.

II

Another and only slightly less obvious impression is that, despite the ever-growing similarities with the "Western way of life," the society that is shaping in the Soviet Union is not the same as a Western society. The argument often used in the West that "Communism has not conquered the soul of the Russian people" cannot, I feel, be accepted as being correct. No doubt, as Khrushchev has remarked, "self-interest" is a very important factor in human behavior; and it was only by strongly encouraging this "self-interest" among the peasant masses, so ruthlessly and uneconomically exploited under Stalin, that he has managed to bring about a very noticeable increase in Soviet agricultural production in the last few years.

But years of indoctrination have also produced in Russia not only a very strong "Soviet-patriotic" sense, sometimes verging on chauvinism, but also a strong sense of citizenship, with a clear understanding of a certain code of human conduct which must, as far as possible, be observed. The pressure of "public opinion" is very strong in this respect, and imposes on people in the cities (though rather less in the villages) certain standards of "Communist ethics" which cannot be readily ignored. The "collective"—whether at an institute, a university, a government office or a factory—keeps an eye on people's personal behavior, and it is not easy for anyone to get away from this pressure, as exercised by the local Party, Komsomol, or trade-union organization. This "control" restricts drunkenness and an unduly disorderly love life; it also tries to stop people from believing in God and going to church (religion is considered another "bourgeois survival"). No doubt there is still plenty of religion in Russia, but in the cities, at any rate,



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the science craze among the young and the "science-versus-religion" propaganda has had, in recent years, a very far-reaching effect. This "control" cannot, however, be looked upon as a form of "direct" coercion; it corresponds largely to a widely accepted code of ethics.

III

In recent years the question has often arisen whether there is in Russia such a thing as a "New Class"—an equivalent of the American Power Elite, or of the ruling class in any other capitalist society. I certainly met plenty of members of the Soviet "ruling class"—high officials, high party members, highly paid scientists, writers and artists. They live well, they are admirably dressed, they *look* like wealthy people in other countries. But the feeling one has is that you can belong to the "ruling class" for only one generation. Your children must work extremely hard and show outstanding ability in their own right, for privilege cannot be inherited; and though money can be, money in itself does not help the next generation to maintain their parents' status, or even to keep up for any length of time things like cars, country houses, etc. No doubt, the advantage a young person derives from having an important father is not altogether negligible, for nepotism is far from dead; all the same, it does not go very far. Stalin's only daughter holds a very humble teaching post.

IV

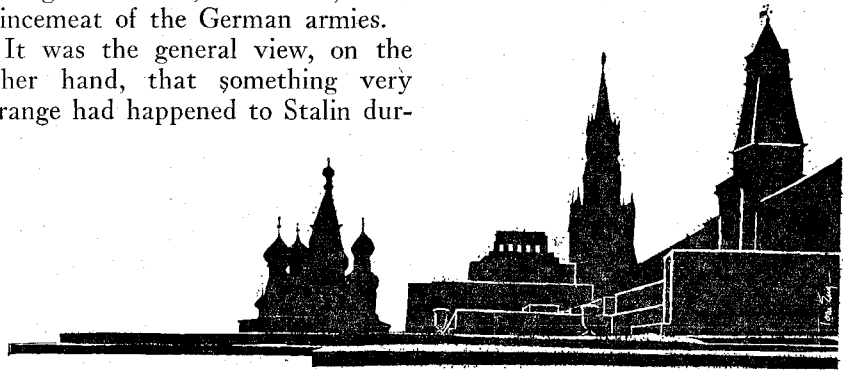
The personality of Khrushchev has created a much more "familiar" attitude to the Soviet leadership than existed in Stalin's days. As distinct from Stalin, Khrushchev is very insistent on the fact that he is merely *primus inter pares*—the No. 1 man of a collective leadership who cannot decide anything without the okay of the government or the Central Committee. During his U.S. trip, he made a point of saying that he personally could not decide (he'd have to "consult his colleagues") whether, for instance, the USSR would, or would not, take part in an international exhibition the United States was planning.

As Russia's boss, Khrushchev is, of course, very different from anything the Russians have ever seen before. Lenin, though described in present-day folklore as "deeply human," kept his distance; Stalin, as time went on, became more and more the "superman," ruthless and removed. Occasionally—for instance, at some meeting with foreign leaders—he could be jovial and witty; in December, 1944, he hugely enjoyed himself pulling de Gaulle's leg. But with the Soviet people, no man was less of a backslapper.

Today, six years after his death, I found the Russian people's attitude towards him curiously mixed. I met many people who had been arrested and deported in 1948-51; to them, the death of Stalin was a heaven-sent deliverance. Others compared conditions now with conditions under Stalin, and agreed that life had become much more pleasant and easy. At the same time, there was an unmistakable tendency to try to be "fair" to Stalin; to say that he represented the indispensable "iron age" in the Soviet Union's economic development; it was thanks to industrialization that, despite some desperate moments, Russia had succeeded in beating off the German invasion. Also, Stalin had been a good wartime leader; he had never lost his nerve—not even on that October 16, 1941, when Moscow panicked; and he had handled Roosevelt and Churchill cleverly. Insofar as Khrushchev's "secret" report to the Twentieth Congress was resented at all, it was because its author had denounced Stalin as an incompetent war leader; soldiers I met felt that this was particularly unfair. No doubt, they argued, he had made mistakes, but one had to judge by results; and it was he who had appointed Zhukov and Rokossovsky and Konev and the rest of the brilliant generals who, in the end, made mincemeat of the German armies.

It was the general view, on the other hand, that something very strange had happened to Stalin during the last years of his life. Some openly spoke of his paranoia, or persecution mania, which had resulted in such monstrosities as the "Leningrad Affair" and the "Jewish Doctors' Plot." One writer, who had greatly admired Stalin in the past, now spoke of his last years as a "Shakespearean tragedy" in which Beria had played the role of the blackest of all villains.

KHRUSHCHEV's present great popularity was not won overnight. For him, it was a long uphill fight. He had first to discredit Malenkov by showing that he (Khrushchev) was a better friend of both the consumer and the peasant, and by publicly associating Malenkov with some of the worst crimes of the last years of Stalin. Apart from a certain technocracy which regrets the removal of Kaganovich (for now these technocrats are much more exposed than they used to be to "democratic criticism from below"), few shed any tears over the elimination of the "anti-Party group"; it was clear that if they had not been politically destroyed, they would have destroyed Khrushchev—perhaps physically as well as politically. As for Marshal Zhukov, his downfall is attributed chiefly to one unfortunate phrase he used—that the Army "would stand no nonsense from the anti-Party group." This suggested that the Army was a state-within-the-state, an implication intolerable to the Central Committee, the supreme power in the land. So Zhukov went, and the Army did not stir. After that, Khrushchev had no rivals left, and between the twentieth and twenty-first Congresses, strongly aided by Kirichenko, he managed to change the composition of the Central Committee in such a way that





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practically all its members are now "his" men.

The tremendous scientific successes of the Soviet Union in the last few years (Sputniks, ICBMs, moon rockets, etc.), as well as the accompanying "reduction in international tension," have become associated in Russian minds with the name of Khrushchev. Three years ago, people in villages still sang ribald *chastushki* about him and he was nicknamed *"kukuruznik"* (the guy crazy about growing corn); and many (including intellectuals) would sneer at his garrulousness, his "vulgarity," his easy, backslapping ways, his "lack of dignity."

ALL THIS has changed now. The Premier's popularity became enormous after his visit to the United States. He was the fellow who could speak as a perfect equal to the President of the United States; he could make friends of peaceful Americans and tell hostile Americans where they got off. He became "the world's greatest propagandist for disarmament." (And think what we could do with $25 billion a year if we didn't have to spend it on armament!") At the same time people discovered that he had a curious dignity of his own in speaking to foreigners; he has become "the worthy spokesman of the Soviet people." He is now being familiarly and warmly referred to as "Nikita Sergeievich."

Can one speak of a "personality cult" of Khrushchev? He is certainly receiving unprecedented publicity in Russia today; pages and pages of his (often highly entertaining) speeches are published in the press, sometimes for days in succession. Certainly he has eclipsed all other Soviet leaders: a film was recently produced telling the success story of N. Khrushchev, the "barefooted miner boy," and his progress all the way from the capitalist mine in 1912 to the steps of the White House (shots showing Malenkov and Bulganin were all cut out). The *Khrushchev in America* film has been showing in thousands of Soviet cinemas; and in ideological articles, the Premier's words are quoted now much the same way as Stalin's used to be quoted in the past.

Such fame and publicity might well go to anybody's head. And yet there continues to be a big difference in the people's approach to Khrushchev and to Stalin. Stalin was the "genius," the "superman"; Khrushchev continues to be "one of us," a nice, simple guy telling those foreigners just the right things "on our behalf."

This gradual discovery of Khrushchev as a great leader is one of the most curious episodes in Russia's recent history. Already people are getting worried about his death, his blood pressure; they say he should take greater care of himself. And they like him because life under his regime is easier, and there is no great danger of war any longer, and people are no longer afraid of getting arbitrarily locked up by the Secret Police.

## V

And this is another of the significant impressions I took away from Russia: Since Stalin's death, the Secret Police is no longer a state-within-the-state. Henry Shapiro, in my opinion the best-informed foreign observer who, as chief UP—now UPI—correspondent, has lived here for over twenty years, has called this virtual liquidation of the MVD (ex-NKVD, ex-GPU, ex-Cheka, etc.) the "Fourth Russian Revolution." State Security is no longer an independent government department; it is controlled by a committee attached to the Central Committee, and presided over by Shepilin, a former leader of the Komsomol—i.e., a man not belonging to the sinister old MVD. The green-capped frontier guards (who also had a sinister reputation in the past) are now controlled by the Ministry of Defense. The police themselves are partly under the authority of the Ministry of the Interior, partly under Shepilin's committee. Not that the Russian police have become gentlemen overnight, but the unlimited arbitrary powers of arrest and conviction have been taken away from them; no one can be arbitrarily arrested any longer without a regular court or *procuratura*[1] warrant, or sentenced without a regular court trial. "Socialist Legality" is thus not an empty word.

Moreover, the vast industrial MVD empire has been liquidated, except for a few camps for ordinary criminals. The general opinion here is that there are no more "political" prisoners left in these camps; and from individual cases I was able personally to check, this seems to be true: people whom I knew who had been "picked up" in 1948 have all been released. With the destruction of the (wholly uneconomical and internationally highly damaging) MVD empire, there is no inducement any longer for the police to engage in mass arrests.

"Socialist Legality" is defined and codified by the two famous laws of December 25, 1958. No doubt, *flagrante delicto* arrests can still be made; and certain cases (espionage, sexual crimes, etc.) can be heard *in camera;* but the guarantees for the accused appear to be pretty foolproof, and the authors of the "Socialist Legality" laws, no doubt with an eye on the purge trials and the "Jewish Doctors' Plot," have also made the application to the accused of threats, blackmail and torture completely illegal.

THE result of it all is that Siberia, large parts of which were once a network of MVD camps, is now being built up as a great romantic land for pioneers. Young people are attracted to it by good pay, good housing conditions and the loudly boosted "pioneering spirit" which today entails many fewer physical risks than those run, for instance, by the Komsomols who went to Siberia in the days of the First Five-Year Plan to start new industries and build new cities. Those working today on the Bratsk and other new gigantic power stations, or who are developing the new diamond deposits of Yakutia ("biggest diamond industry in the world outside South Africa") are earning good money; also, numerous incentives are created for young people to work temporarily (or settle down permanently) in the virgin lands of Siberia and Kazakhstan.

This disbanding of the MVD empire began immediately after Stalin's death, and Malenkov deserves great

[1]The *procuratura*, or Public Prosecutor's Office, presided over by the *generalny Prokuror*, who holds cabinet rank, is a distinct government department.



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credit for it; but the whole credit has now, of course, gone to Khrushchev. The number of MVD prisoners has varied: many were released at the beginning of the war, but in 1945 the camps were replenished with Vlassovites and other German "collaborators." In 1948, another wave of mass arrests swept Russia, and continued for the next four years. Henry Shapiro reckons that, by 1952, there were between three and four million people in the camps (not counting the "disloyal" nationalities —Volga Germans, Chechens, Crimean Tartars, Kalmuks, etc. who had been resettled in the East). Nearly all the nationality groups, as far as can be ascertained, have now been allowed to return to their old homes, while the "politicals" have apparently all been either amnestied or rehabilitated.

In Moscow, I met many people who had been "in trouble." With the exception of German "collaborators," to whom people's attitude remains reserved, all are treated with special kindness by their fellow citizens. At the same time, it is striking that these people (who include some in important government posts) are very reluctant indeed to talk about those days, especially to foreigners. Some are actually scared to death of meeting foreigners at all. Perhaps this is an understandable reflex, since many of those arrested after 1947, at the height of Stalin's spy mania, were accused of having had suspect contacts with foreigners. Today they fear that under a new "vigilance campaign" there might be another search for spies and their "accomplices," and that "Socialist Legality" might not, in such a case, protect them sufficiently.

The attitude to foreigners continues, indeed, to be somewhat reserved. Yuri Zhukov, head of the Cultural Relations Committee with foreign countries, recently wrote in *International Life* that American tourists were welcome, but that caution toward them was to be recommended all the same; many American travelers were being indoctrinated and instructed (even if they scarcely knew any Russian) to miss no opportunity of embarking on tricky and insidious conversations with any Russian they happened to meet! Similarly, in *Pravda,* Zaslavsky argued that no matter how friendly relations became with the United States, the ideological battle would become not less, but more acute. Hence the slogan "Cultural relations—sure, but no Trojan horses!"

This slogan goes rather far: thus, no foreign newspapers, except Communist papers, are allowed to be sold in the Soviet Union. And in negotiating the new Cultural Agreement with the United States, the Russians rejected the proposal of an American Reading Room in Moscow.

But to return to "Socialist Legality": there have been changes not only in legal procedure, but also in the system of punishment. The tendency is to avoid long sentences. Thus, I heard of an engineering student who had committed a gross act of "hooliganism"; formerly, he would have gotten five years; now he was given fifteen days. But during his brief sentence he was made, under the supervision of a policeman, to sweep the street outside his own school and do other menial jobs; his fellow students would walk past and laugh at him. Young people are said to be much more afraid of this kind of punishment than of a long sentence.

An important innovation is also the "Comrade courts," which will deal with misdemeanors and even with minor crimes. These are described as forerunners of that Communist society in which persuasion and moral pressure will take the place of coercion. In my next article I will deal with the status of communism in today's Russia, as well as with Soviet attitudes toward morality, literature and the arts; and I will try to answer some questions on Soviet foreign policy, including relations with Peking.

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# DIXIE HATE IN YANKEE SUBURB.. *Robert Gruenberg*

*Deerfield, Ill.*

THIS SUBURB of Chicago — it lies twenty-four miles to the north— is one of the split-level Paradises that rim our great cities. Here ten thousand people live cozily in trim homes with overhanging eaves and picture windows; and whether the houses are in the $20,000 or $50,000 class, each is surrounded by spacious lawns and manicured shrubbery. Every morning Deerfield's husbands — junior executives, for the most part — peck their wives dutifully on the cheek as they leave them and station wagon for the day's occupation in advertising, brokerage, law, sales, schools and other such white-collar offices in Chicago's Loop. On Sundays, before golf and backyard barbecue, they pause at one of the seven Protestant churches, or the one Catholic church in town, for an hour of spiritual rejuvenation.

The town has had its problems, of course — the kind common to all communities of its type: shopping, parking, traffic, schools and so forth. But, until two months ago, nothing ever happened here unpleasant enough to get into the Chicago newspapers. The problems of race, housing, poverty, were far away; life was good, and if it got any better, there were always the higher-status towns immediately to the east to which one could move — towns like really exclusive Kenilworth and Lake Forest, on the lakeshore.

Today, Deerfield bids fair to become the Little Rock of the North — not yet with the violence of Little Rock, but with all its exposed passions and threat of long-lasting scars. In another sense, it will become a monument to a principle as im-

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*ROBERT GRUENBERG, a reporter for the Chicago* Daily News, *is a winner of the Chicago Newspaper Guild Page One Award.*



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portant as the educational one laid down at embattled Central High School: whether a builder who builds homes for all people, including Negroes, can be defeated by constituted authority acting under the guise of building-code enforcement, park improvement and school-playground enlargement.

TROUBLE came to this town after word spread in early November that Progress Development Corporation, a subsidiary of Modern Community Developers of Princeton, New Jersey, was planning to sell to Negroes ten or twelve of fifty-one homes in the $30,000 to $35,000 class which were to be erected at the west edge of town. The parent firm had had experience in building interracial communities in Philadelphia and Princeton. Its advisory council, according to the firm's officials, included Adlai Stevenson (whose Libertyville home is scarcely ten miles from Deerfield as the crow flies), Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Senators Joe Clark of Pennsylvania and Jacob Javits of New York, and Philip Klutznick. (Klutznick is the founder and developer of Park Forest, another organization-man's town — it has been dubbed America's "model community" — thirty miles south of Chicago. Until the end of 1959, Park Forest had no Negro family among its population of 30,000. There is reason to suspect that Klutznick today regrets that he didn't establish Park Forest as an interracial community at the outset.)

Progress Development Corporation had counted on enlisting the co-operation of the local clergy and community leaders in explaining the idea of "controlled occupancy" to the community. What the company ran into, instead, was shock and dismay. Soon the word got around: the Negroes are coming. Meetings and telephone calls went on all over town on how to meet this new and unexpected development. At a meeting between Morris Milgram, the youthful president of Modern Community Developers, and Deerfield citizens and clergymen, a proposition was put to him: set aside money in escrow for five years, to be used to compensate property owners should they suffer financial losses as a result of the interracial development. Milgram not only turned the proposition down flat; he told the petitioners that integration had come to Deerfield.

The town was on fire, thenceforth. The flames blazed high at a town meeting a few days later and the thin veneer of gentility that had distinguished Deerfieldians from their more earthy Chicago neighbors was burned away completely.

"The people are demanding that action be taken to maintain their property values and the social fabric of the village," announced the president of the village board. "The board asks and will continue to ask for a calm and considered approach to the problem that it may be resolved in a manner both legal and conducive to the continuance of Deerfield as a fine place in which to live and bring up children."

A housewife announced that petitions were being printed calling for the park board to condemn the proposed building site and added — to ringing applause — that Milgram and his project should clear out.

"What kind of white people would move into that development with them, anyway?" another woman shouted.

"How did we get euchred into this?" a man asked.

"We moved here from Chicago to get away from them," someone else called.

When a Lutheran minister attempted to explain that there was "no violation of the law," that "we can turn Deerfield into another Little Rock or we can react like mature intelligent adult people," he was told to "sit down and shut up."

One man wanted to know if there wasn't "some way" to stop the project "legally" — a forecast of things to come. The meeting adjourned, but the ugliness lingered on in the comments of the scattering crowd. There was talk of burning down the framework of the two homes that had already been started.

ANOTHER meeting was called late in November by the village trustees "to gather facts and gauge sentiment — to separate fact from fiction." There was more of the same kind of hostility among the 600 who showed up. But amid the boos and the catcalls, eight brave persons spoke up for the project. The most eloquent was a young high-school teacher who stood before the crowd and said: "I teach American history and I have taught many of your children. I could not continue in good conscience to teach if I were not in favor of the integrated community."

"Fire him!" someone shouted.

"Firing doesn't frighten me a bit," he answered calmly. "If there is a shortage more acute than housing, it is the shortage of teachers."

This little band of eight was representative of the outnumbered and outshouted voices of reason, the Deerfield Citizens for Human Rights and the North Suburban Human Relations Council. They were to wage an uphill, losing battle in the "poll" and referendum yet to come. "What does the country think of Deerfield?" "Let's not create a monument to hate and prejudice," they pleaded with their fellow citizens in the following weeks.

WHIPPED up by the meetings, the town was prepared for the "poll" to be taken December 6 by a newly formed "residents association" headed by Harold C. Lewis, a Chicago investment banker, on whether it favored the new interracial subdivision. The result: 3,507 against the admission of Negroes to the village, 460 for it. Hardly anyone raised the question of whether the taking of such a poll conformed to the spirit of American democracy in the first place.

Coupled with this survey of "popular sentiment" was the harassment of the builder by the village building department. "Violations" of the building code were suddenly discovered in the first two homes under construction. Once construction was ordered halted because a "spot survey" of the building site hadn't been filed with the village. A building inspector admitted to a reporter that such a survey, showing the distances of the homes from the street, sewers, other homes, etc., was not usually asked for prior to the secur-



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ing of a building permit or the start of construction.

While the building department was discovering "violations," the residents' association kept the pot boiling on the non-governmental front. "They are trying to force integration down the throats of the people of Deerfield and we are resentful of the manner in which this situation was brought about," declared Mr. Lewis. "If they get away with this here, it will encourage other builders throughout the country to do the same thing," he said.

As the arguments raged, the Deerfield park board, apparently with the tacit consent of the board of education, proceeded along its own carefully laid out plan to deal with the situation. This was to acquire the two sites — they totaled twenty-three acres — on which the subdivision had been planned, along with four other sites in the village, for parks. The move seemed particularly ironic, since in an election last April 22, Deerfield voters, while approving the levy of a recreation tax to provide funds for a park program, defeated a proposition to purchase three parcels of land for $250,000 for school-park purposes. They had also voted down an increase in the borrowing power of the local park district. "Deerfield," said Chicago *Daily News* columnist Jack Mabley, himself mayor of nearby Glenview, "has something of a reputation on the North Shore for turning down bond issues for parks." But now Deerfield was suddenly deciding that it needed parks. A vote on a $550,000 bond issue was set for December.

MEANWHILE, signs of the ugliness that has characterized attempts at integration in Chicago appeared also in this genteel community. A forty-year-old recreational worker who had appeared at a village board meeting and charged officials with using the village's need for parks to thwart integration, three days later found a partly burned, three-by-five-foot cross on his lawn. And only a few days earlier an official of the building firm discovered nineteen studs had been chopped out of the model homes by "vandals." The village police chief blamed the incident on irresponsible juveniles from outside the town and promised to keep an eye on the structures. When a reporter asked if neighbors had seen or heard any suspicious goings-on, an investigating officer replied, "What are you trying to do, make a mountain out of a molehill?"

The voters prepared for the bond-issue election against a background of battle between integrationist and segregationist forces in which the latter cited "the demoralization resulting from intermarriage" in an "argument" on "the religious aspect" of the question. Eighty-six per cent of the voters, the largest in the community's history, went to the polls, and the bond issue was carried, 2,635 to 1,207 — a far cry from the 8-to-1 poll against integration reported earlier by the residents' association. Whether some voters had been educated in a short time or whether sense seeped in when a tax-conscious electorate thought of the added tax burden, is open to question. Reporting the results, the Chicago *Tribune* said, "The largest turn-out of voters in Deerfield's history approved the . . . bond issue, spelling imminent defeat for a development company's proposal to build interracial housing. . . ."

Defeat was not so imminent. The next day the builders slapped a $750,000 civil-rights damage suit in the federal court in Chicago against twenty-one officials of the village, the park board and two of the anti-integration citizens' committees. The developers also sought an order to block condemnation of the land for parks, and an injunction restraining village officials from interference with construction. By nightfall, the injunction had been granted by federal Judge Joseph Sam Perry, who promised to review the condemnation matter before the year was out. "I cannot interfere with the lawful acts of these individuals [village and park officials], but if it is found that the condemnation is done as part of a conspiracy, they have done it at their peril," he warned. The hearing was marked by a village charge that the builders were "segregationists." Reminding the court of the plan to sell a number of the homes to Negroes, the village spokesmen said "they are creating color bars to suit their convenience . . . the gist of their plan is to divide real estate on racial lines." Meanwhile, more vandalism was reported as window frames were smashed and stolen and lumber destroyed. Last week Judge Perry began hearings on the builder's plea that the town be enjoined permanently from interfering with the construction project.

DEERFIELD has stirred Chicago, but it has stirred even more the other predominantly white suburbs which had thought that "it couldn't happen here."

Chicago's quiet, moneyed Beverly Hills, at the south end of the city, one of the last all-white strongholds in the city proper, has had its con-



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science jolted by seventeen Protestant ministers who publicly proclaimed "common cause" with a youthful Methodist pastor who had been asked to take his choice between resigning from an interracial community group or his church post. "I can in conscience do neither," he said.

An estimated 175,000 Negroes live in the suburbs around Chicago, about half of them in the industrial towns of Gary and East Chicago. An infinitesimal few live in white neighborhoods in the rest of the suburbs. Nevertheless, Deerfield has brought home the lesson that "it can happen" to any suburb. But not all residents are thinking in terms of fleeing. Many are simply tired of fleeing; and more important, there is a great number of new residents in these suburbs who came from the city and who, while not seeking out Negroes as neighbors, are ready to accept them. Many are asking each other how they can best establish a truly interracial neighborhood with good neighbors and solid property values. They are watching Deerfield with heightened interest because it may be the crucible in which the quota system — the admission of a set number of Negro families to a white neighborhood — will be tested. The quota system got its first big airing in Chicago last May when Saul Alinsky, writer and sociologist, proposed it before the United States Commission on Civil Rights.

Modern Community Builders adopted "controlled occupancy" because, said John W. Hunt, attorney for the firm, "it is the only means of assuring both Negroes and whites that an integrated development will not become all Negro and segregated." Those who criticize the quota system for its undemocratic aspect have provided no practical, constructive solution — as Alinsky called for in his testimony before the commission — on how else to deal with the racial problem in housing.

If the Deerfield battle is won — and many believe it will be won after time and money have been spent — it will mark the beginning of the end of the "easy way" out — the flight to the suburbs, away from the city's myriad problems, which include integrated living. For after Deerfield, there will be other such projects. A time is coming for a new alignment of values, human as well as real estate.

# DEATH OF A STEELWORKER . . *by Joseph Ershun*

> . . . The Company shall continue to make *reasonable* provisions for the safety and health of its employees at the plants during the hours of their employment. — *From agreement between United States Steel Corp. and the United Steelworkers of America, August 3, 1956.*
>
> The safety section of our basic labor agreement is one of the most glaring examples of management's bleeding the contract. The never-ending parade of union men being sent home for refusing to work under unsafe or unhealthy conditions is conclusive evidence of the purpose and intent of the United States Steel Corp. regarding this section of the contract. — *Fairless Union News, November, 1958.*

WITHIN four weeks of the injunction that forced the Steelworkers back to the mills, production at the giant Fairless works of U.S. Steel had soared to a fantastic 95 per cent and Sidney Adler, a worker in the open-hearth department, had met a flaming death in an accident.

*JOSEPH ERSHUN worked in the open hearth of U.S. Steel's Fairless Works from 1952 to 1957, during which period he founded and edited the local union newspaper.*

He was not the first worker to be killed at this most modern U.S. Steel mill. He will not be the last. He is just the most recent.

Adler's tragic death makes it easier to understand the Steelworkers' stubborn resistance to any company demand that the union's already weak "say so" over day-to-day working conditions be further weakened. (It is noteworthy that last week's strike settlement did not include an agreement on working conditions; the problem was put into "escrow" for solution by a special committee.) In the all-important area of safety, the union's power is so pathetic that the use of the word "power" in this connection, no matter the number of modifiers, becomes a gross misuse of the English language. It may come as a surprise to steel management's negotiators that even the most company-minded and "loyal" worker is concerned not about how "powerful," but how weak, the union is in this area.

Under the present contract (which the steel industry wants to "correct" because it gives "too much power" to the union), management and management alone determines what is and what is not safe. Moreover, the privilege of characterizing a job or practice as unsafe, and correcting it, is almost invariably exercised by the company *after* an accident, as many a man who has protested an unsafe condition has learned to his despair. The steelworker assigned to an unsafe job has the "right" to refuse the job; but he knows that if he maintains his protest long enough, the company won't find any other "suitable work" for him as provided for under the contract. Thus, a worker's refusal to undertake work under unsafe conditions in effect means a wage cut. Beyond that, the worker is likely to be stigmatized as a "troublemaker," a designation with all kinds of dark implications for the bearer.

FOR ANYONE who has not worked in a mill, it is difficult, in the face of the company's display of safety rules, literature and safety programs, to understand the workers' and foremen's cynicism. Yet the cynicism is founded on bitter experience. The worker who has seen safety factors triumph over production considerations is even rarer than a disk jockey



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without payola. In such a conflict of interests, there is no question as to which is going to take the count. The foreman who can withstand the constant production pressures to weigh objectively the hazards of a given situation is a hero. And all too often the worker who refuses to perform the unsafe job has to be something of a hero as well.

A realistic approach to the problem of safety would recognize how absurd it is to place the responsibility for solving it in the hands of those whose first concern is production. Every worker can tell a story to illustrate this. One of the most pointed of such stories was told me by a maintenance man. Called on to fix a crane with a defective cable, he discovered that the only safe procedure was to change the cable. Upon reporting to the foreman what had to be done, he was told to "patch it up," to "fix it when we're not so busy." When he protested that this might lead to an accident in the interim, the foreman said brusquely, "We're in the steel-producing business, not the crane-fixing business." The foreman's attitude is shocking, but it is preferable to the hypocrisy of top management which preaches safety on the one hand and simultaneously creates intolerable production pressures on the other.

IT WOULD be wrong, in stating the case for giving the union at least equal power in safety matters with the company, to argue that the company is not at all concerned with accidents, particularly those leading to death and serious injury. The real question is the depth and seriousness of this concern. Ask a man, "What is the first thing that happens after an accident?" and he'll tell you, "Well, first they clean up the area where the accident happened so that instead of the usual mess, it shines like Marine barracks ready for inspection. Then they call a safety meeting to instruct you that the job you've been protesting all along as unsafe *is* unsafe and anybody caught doing it will be penalized, etc., etc." Then the man adds significantly, "We all know it's a lot of bull because in a few days the accident will be forgotten, the area will be the usual mess, and everybody will be running around like crazy, pushing like mad to get out the next heat in record time."

The man's bitterness is justified, even though the company usually does something after an accident. The company investigates the immediate cause, and does what it can to eliminate the immediate condition that led to it. But the ultimate and real cause of most of today's accidents is production pressure — and this silent, ghostly, ever-present witness is never called upon to testify at these inquests. The result, of course, is that even if the given situation is corrected, the same danger will keep cropping up in slightly different forms elsewhere in the shop.

THE investigation of the accident that caused Adler's death is revealing. It was established that Adler, driving a monster Euclid truck loaded with hot slag over an unpaved road in a heavy fog, had driven off an embankment, causing the slag to burn up the truck with the driver trapped in the cab. A pusher—certainly a very apt name for a straw boss in the context of this situation —was riding with Adler, throwing flares because of the dangerously thick fog and hazardous driving conditions. The pusher saved himself by jumping out of the cab just as the truck went over the embankment.

The cause of the accident obviously was the incredible lack of lighting on this dangerous road leading from open hearth to slag dump. Flares could not begin to cope with the thick fog. Immediately after the accident the company went to work on the road. By means of floodlights, sparklers, fences and guide posts, the primitive, dangerously unlit rut on which Adler had driven to his death was transformed into a decent, well-lighted and safe road.

Now, while the company and the union fight over the company's degree of responsibility for the obviously unsafe road, the basic question is not even asked: What kind of pressure existed in the mill that compelled a man to drive under such clearly hazardous conditions? And if production pressures were so heavy on Adler as to make him tempt fate in this way, what kind of pressures must there have been on the pusher, who in the past two years has been in two accidents, one of which almost led to his death and resulted in months in the hospital? (Now a three-time loser, the pusher's luck is regarded in the shop with the same awe we all have for somebody who returned from the dead. As to the state of his nerves, that is another matter.)

If the sincerity of the company's concern with safety can be questioned, its very real concern with the safety image it presents to the public cannot. And the image that emerges from its public-relations department is that of an industry fantastically and fanatically dedicated to safety. Safety-slogan campaigns, with their modest rewards, are ever present. Every worker gets a set of safety rules for his job. Company magazines are full of stories and pictures of men and departments holding aloft signs proclaiming their safety records. Wherever possible, attempts are made to plant the pictures and stories in the press. Of course, accidents are played down while the safety records are played up; everybody knows Americans prefer the upbeat to the downbeat.

Moralists might condemn the motivation for these safety campaigns, but the Steelworkers would not quibble about motives if the desired goals were achieved. The truth is that the campaigns are fraudulent not only in the image they present of company safety-consciousness, but they are misleading in the figures they present of the accident rate. Worse still, they are self-defeating, since they tend—ironically enough—to create *anti-safety* pressure on the job.

The emphasis on safety records leads to an open conspiracy on the part of management personnel at almost every level to conceal the real extent of accidents. An important statistic in getting a true picture of the extent and seriousness of accidents is the days lost in production. But management, to make its unit or department look good, will go to any extreme to get an injured worker, no matter how badly hurt, back into the mill. As long as he is



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in the mill, even if he is transported there by ambulance — as has happened—and spends his day on a couch in the general foreman's office reading comic books, the department record shows it free of lost-time accidents. A department may have five or six such seriously injured men, but technically it can report a perfect record. Obviously a very safe department!

Such practices with regard to lost-time accidents are the rule not the exception. Under these circumstances, how reliable can company statistics on accidents be? Such misrepresentation leads to lulling people into a false sense of security. And, of course, it makes it more difficult for the union to raise the safety question with a company that is doing such a fine safety job.

The emphasis on "records" leads to shameless pressure on the part of top management and foremen upon the workers not to report accidents. Here's how this works: A man gets a slight injury—a burn or a cut. He reports it to the foreman in order to go to the dispensary, as provided by company regulations. The result is an immediate "chewing out" by the foreman for "spoiling" the safety record of the department. The foreman then conducts an investigation, not so much to find ways of eliminating recurrence of such mishaps, but for the purpose of pinning the blame on—guess who? Pretty soon lots of men get the idea that it's not the accidents that concern the company as much as the *reporting* of them. The result of such an atmosphere leads to a dangerous underestimation of the little accidents which often lead to major accidents. The man who persists in reporting "little" accidents is of course "accident prone." I have seen a man so frightened by this kind of pressure that he refused to report a burn, letting it fester all day long and going to his family doctor only after his shift was over. What price safety records?

The foreman who tries to be responsible and encourage his men to report all accidents no matter how seemingly minor, will soon find himself on the spot. He can't help "catching hell" for the poor safety record of his gang or unit. So, added to the production pressure that militates against safety, he has the safety-record pressure constantly to contend with.

Finally, working directly against safety in the mills is the incentive system. If the foreman's pressure is the club against the man's safety, then the incentive is the carrot that the man chases, too often to the exclusion of all safety considerations. Incentive, a self-descriptive word, is the system of bonus payments to the worker based exclusively on rate of production. The system has built-in guarantees that a man can become not only his fellow worker's worst enemy, but his own as well.

FROM ALL this it should be clear that saving more men from injury and death is not a simple matter of getting rid of some particular brutalized foreman. The "nice guy" foreman is as vulnerable to production pressures (in some ways, since he is more sensitive, he may be more vulnerable) as the "bad guy" type.

The only hope for making Adler's death the last instead of the most recent lies in removing exclusive control over safety matters from those whose *first* consideration is production, and placing at least equal power in the hands of the potential victims of unsafe practices and conditions—the men in the mills.

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# THE BOAT-SHOW CIRCUS . . *by Joseph Whitehill*

THIRTY YEARS ago, when the sunset gun was fired from the yacht-club lawn, every flag on every yacht in the harbor went down simultaneously. A typical small schooner of the time, say sixty feet long overall, flew at least three flags: the American Ensign, the club pennant and the owner's private signal. Each of these flags was struck at the same moment—beautiful timing that was achieved simply by posting one paid crew member at each halyard or staff.

Now that yachting has died and boating has replaced it, flags either are allowed to fly night and day or are ignored altogether. There is, though, a rash of "joke" flags of wonderful tastelessness, made by opportunists and bought by imbeciles, that are illustrated with silhouettes of hatchets or cocktail glasses or chamber pots, and are supposed to elicit chuckles from the spectators over what is presumed to be going on aboard at the moment. If you like, you may order a quantity of these flapping vulgarities, for your own use or for gifts, at any metropolitan boat show you attend this year. Thirty years ago the other exhibitors would have thrown the rascal out. In those days boat shows were affairs of dignity where really large and costly motor yachts were offered for the inspection of men who could afford them. (Few large sailing craft were shown because there were then almost no builders offering a stock line.)

Progress and the emergence of a new leisure class and the cozy marriage of our two great political parties have brought boating within the reach of all, and the character of the merchandise exhibited at the shows betrays this trend. The fine big yachts by old-line, reputable builders are still to be seen on the floor, though many of them show, in their deckhouse shapes and the overlove of looping lines, evidence of having been "styled."

But alongside these yachts you will find, under the brightest lights and in positions of most prominence, a number of dead-looking objects that appear to have been squeezed

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from a tube and allowed to harden in the washbasin. These things have the impregnated color and chrome strips and mammary bulges so well taught by the juke-box industry; they have the streamlining now awarded (in E. B. White's words) "to objects whose chief virtue is their immobility, like bathtubs and seismographs"; they have all the grotesque lack of proportion that results when you give people what they want instead of training them to want the best. These objects are boats, and you can prove it by looking underneath, where you will find an honest-to-God propeller.

ANY citizen with the 10 per cent down payment and a steady job to assure the maintenance of the installments may buy one of these rigs and go forth on the water unencumbered by knowledge of seamanship or motor maintenance, killing and maiming and committing other nuisances until he drowns himself. The sad thing about his drowning is that usually he has already begotten his children and thus has assured the next generation's supply of fools.

You will find at the boat shows, alongside the well-designed hardware and equipment produced by people who know what they are about, an inexhaustible cornucopia of junk—shiny trash to distract the eye and complicate boathandling. It would appear that certain manufacturers have made every conceivable effort to suburbanize the waterways. Automatic refrigeration, electric light, gas cooking and television are standard extras now. Hot water and air conditioning are common offerings. Everyone is clamoring for a slice of the more than $2 billion spent each year on boating, and the befuddled consumer must cover his ears.

Manufacturers of marine equipment regard the shows with wariness. It is enormously expensive to rent space, build a display, move in merchandise that is often cumbersome and heavy, and staff the booth for twelve hours a day with affable, intelligent, and therefore high-salaried men. The best executives in the factory must do booth duty. The minimum cost for a week's presentation of even a small article in a small booth appears to be about $2,000;

the major outboard-motor manufacturers who maintain hotel suites, acre-sized displays staffed by their best engineers, continuous motor-service training films for visiting mechanics, and celebratory award banquets for franchised dealers, spend astronomical amounts.

THE small manufacturer on a tight show budget will find that his booth location is never the best, for it costs a great deal to get out from behind that three-foot-thick marble column; his booth neighbors on each side seem invariably to have devised more striking displays than his; just up the aisle from him is another of the light-flying boys showing a handmade model of something he hopes to get enough firm orders for to persuade the bank at home to lend him enough money to buy the tooling to produce the products to fill the orders he has sworn to ship by March; he stares in jealousy at the dimpled knees and taut bosoms of the damsels his competitor has hired to pass out the throwaways.

All week long he stands behind his counter or sits in an embayment he has phonied up to look like a "lounge," and watches the people go by. In his younger days he thought it anomalous to charge a man a buck to let him in to see a display of merchandise for sale. Now he wishes the tickets were ten dollars, or perhaps twenty, hoping that the higher price might thin the crowd and dam out those lower forms of life that flow to public places like flies to garbage. Yet he must deal with all these democratically—the feelers and touchers, the vacant gawks and (O frequent sort!) the leaflet collectors, who lift one piece from each pile of literature in sight — *Hey, Buster, those four-color offset jobs cost thirty-seven cents a copy*—and go home in the evening to wallow in vicarious purchasing power. (These compulsive folk are often surprised when they winnow their harvests to discover such heterogeny as temperance tracts showing a boat on the cover sinking in a sea of beer, and last-chance applications for automobile insurance, and the mounting instructions for a chromium-plated sun lotion dispenser disguised as a tiny ship's wheel.)

Besides these he must deal with the usual parade of tired mothers, lost children, urgent men looking for the john, pickpockets, wiseacres, experts who know his product better than he does, and, rarest of all, a Customer. Unfortunately, that charming but timid fellow with money to spend and the determination to spend it is usually driven back and defeated by the loud swarms of folk who intend to buy nothing whatever so help them. The Customer goes home and orders it by mail like any decent man.

The hours are long and our man's feet swell, and by the last day of the show he is drinking three martinis at lunch and two more at four o'clock just to stay with it, and is longing hard for the simple worries of manufacturing.

If the boat shows are so dreary, why do they survive? Who profits from their continuance? Of course, the eleemosynary group that hires the hall and retails the space to the exhibitors shows a profit for its orphanage or old soldiers' home. Some sales *are* made — accidental orders over the counter. The exhibitors get a frightened look at what the competition is up to. Manufacturers' representatives shop for high-discount items to fill out their lines. And the small manufacturer on the tight show budget goes back year after year, led on by the hope that he may meet somebody in the trade with whom he can be reciprocally useful later on. No doubt this sort of contact-making is invaluable—but the cost is very high. One manufacturer said, "We haven't any idea whether or not the boat shows do us as much good as they cost us. But we do know we can't afford to find out by not being there next year."



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# BOOKS and the ARTS

## The Enemy Is Listening

*THE EAVESDROPPERS.* By Samuel Dash, Robert E. Knowlton and Richard F. Schwartz. Rutgers University Press. 484 pp. $6.50.

***Carl Dreher***

FOR $2.50 you may have a telephone installed. Thereafter, it will cost you about $5 a month for local service, plus toll charges and federal tax. For this necessity of modern living, you deal with the business office of the telephone company, represented by the smiling young woman pictured in the introductory pages of the directory. Certain unadvertised services may also be purchased—at prices considerably higher than those mentioned above, but free of tax. Perchance you suspect your wife or husband of infidelity? Or you wish to know the plans of your business competitor, or to bust a union or to blackmail someone? Telephonic assistance can probably be arranged. You do not speak to the smiling young woman; nevertheless it is usually a telephone employee, or former employee, who provides the information or technical aid necessary to install and maintain the special convenience desired—a wire tap.

The telephone company frowns on this traffic and engages "special agents" to ferret out employees guilty of illicit tapping. However, if the data of *The Eavesdroppers* are authentic, as I believe they are, the special agents are rarely overzealous. As for the higher officials, their overriding aim is usually to minimize publicity and keep everybody smiling. They are engaged in the great national effort to keep the lid on, thus thwarting the foreign foe. The authors of *The Eavesdroppers* have succeeded in prying up the lid, in what is certainly a matter of valid public concern.

Most of those who help in a research project of this kind—bookmakers, cops, judges, private detectives, wiretappers—are necessarily anonymous, but The Fund for the Republic, which made the project possible with a $50,000 grant to the Pennsylvania Bar Association Endowment, may be publicly mentioned. Once again, and despite some cautious reorientation over the years, the Fund has earned the gratitude of the unbrainwashed American.

The report is not confined to wire tapping. "Bugging"—the planting of concealed microphones—is extensively covered, and there is considerable material on the rapidly growing use of closed circuit television and a variety of photographic, optical and electrical means for spying on employees ("internal security"), apprehension of thieves, bandits and shoplifters, detecting trespassers, and other purposes, legitimate and otherwise. However, the telephonic aspects of modern surveillance practice are probably of greatest interest to the ordinary citizen. Vocationally, he expects some sacrifice of privacy. He is not really injured if a department store trains a TV camera on him. Although, by an ingenious extension of the technique of salesmanship, he may be bugged in the automobile dealer's conference room as he "privately" discusses with his wife the purchase of a car, he has a good chance of escaping bugging in his home. It's just too much trouble, as a rule, for the ends in view. But, especially if he is engaged in certain businesses or holds dissident political views, it is not unlikely that his home or business telephones (or both) have been, are, or will be tapped.

WIRE TAPPING is not a new problem. Telegraph lines were tapped before the Civil War. The modern problem is greatly complicated by the widespread use of telephonic wire tapping by law-enforcement agencies. The Federal Communications Act of 1934 forbids unauthorized interception of communications by wire or radio. The FBI, state, and local police have generally ignored the federal statute on the ground that it was not intended to apply to them, that even if it was so intended it could not be enforced against them, that state laws, which in some cases permit police wire tapping, superseded federal law, or simply that wire tapping was indispensable in police work. The trouble is that, even when it begins as a law-enforcement technique, tapping corrupts the police, much as prohibition did. Most tapping is done, not to apprehend criminals, but to shake them down. This is true particularly of gamblers. In New York City, which is a great plexus of official and private wire tapping, the telephone system provides supplementary income for a large part of the police force and for telephone company employees who work with the police and private tappers. *The Eavesdroppers* contains an interview with a former New York plain-clothes man which should be read in its entirety. The following excerpts throw some light on how the police engage in what a Tammany politician has called "honest graft":

*Q.* Did you engage in wire tapping as a plain-clothes man?

*A.* I did any number of illegal taps. . . . Most of mine was what you would call an illegal tap.

*Q.* You mean a tap without an order?

*A.* Without a court order. In fact, I wouldn't know how to go about getting a court order. But I can tap your telephone for you.

*Q.* Were some of the plain-clothes men working closely with some of the bookies?

*A.* Yes, that's very true—very true. . . . If I'm a plain-clothes man and . . . I go in on a pair and I come up on a hot pair . . . well, that could be worth anywhere from $500 to $1,000 to me personally.

*Q.* . . . the figure, I imagine, would be based on the amount of business they're doing?

*A.* That's right. . . . It's a standard practice. If you grab a bookie's worksheet . . . and you're going to court that afternoon with it—which is also standard practice—and he wants his worksheet back, you charge him for his worksheet according to the amount of play he has on his worksheet. If he doesn't come across, as the saying goes, you just pass the word in the neighborhood or just let everybody see him get pinched, and then everybody puts in a winner. He has no way of knowing who plays what and you put him out of business. Then all he can do is pay everybody. So it's cheaper to pay you.

*Q.* How extensive is that practice?

*A.* Oh, let me say that any man who is susceptible and needs an extra dollar will do it.

*Q.* And would that be true of most plain-clothes men?

*A.* I don't like to say this because

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I like being a policeman, but I think it's true of almost every cop. I don't say all.

*Q.* To what extent is this practice known by the supervisor of police personnel?

*A.* Well, let me put it this way. A telephone costs $1,500.

*Q.* To get a telephone in?

*A.* No, to keep a telephone would cost you approximately $1,500 a month. And that has to be divided all the way down the line. The division plain-clothes men realize about $10 of that $1,500 individually. Now if you have ten plain-clothes men—now that's $100 . . . believe it or not that's the ratio. Then you have a lieutenant in charge. First you have the two shooflies. They're supervisors in plain-clothes. They could be a lieutenant, they could be a sergeant. They have to be cut in for a share. The borough office has to go in. His boss has to go in—it goes right up the line.

*Q.* What does the plain-clothes man think about taking this kind of money?

*A.* Well, sir. I'll tell you. The average policeman doesn't look on bookie or policy money as dirty money. . . . If you take prostitution money, it's dirty money, and a patrolman who's been taking from a bookmaker will look down on you. . . . Or if you take narcotics money . . . or you shake down a degenerate. These are disgusting things to us and believe me, I've never taken a penny from them in my life. You can offer me $100,000 to let you walk away with an ounce of heroin and I'll lock you up. But plain-clothes men are not worried about gambling. . . . Well, as we always put it. They gambled for Christ's clothing and they haven't alleviated it since then, so how am I to knock it out? Maybe it's not the right way of thinking of it, but we're all human.

Although the aggregate is large, such operations fall into the category of small business. Much tapping by private detectives is likewise a matter of climbing poles or hooking into junction boxes in cellars. Some private wire tapping, however, is on a more impressive technological scale. In 1955, a New York City wiretap plant operated by the lawyer John Broady with the aid of a few technicians, including two employees of the telephone company, was uncovered by the New York Anti-Crime Committee. From an engineering standpoint this was an admirable operation. The headquarters was in an apartment around the corner from a telephone building housing ten midtown exchanges. Ten telephone pairs ran between the two locations. Any one of 100,000 telephones, including those of many of the social and business elite, could be connected at the main frame of the exchange to one of Broady's ten recording machines. When the receiver was lifted the recording machine started automatically. According to testimony at Broady's trial, more than a third of the tapping in this memorable installation was for purposes of commercial espionage.

The authors of *The Eavesdroppers* stress that their investigation in New York ended in 1957, so they have no way of knowing whether the torrent of wire tapping in this area has abated. It may be that big operations have been discouraged, but it scarcely seems likely that total volume has been affected.

OWING to the different approaches taken by the states to the various forms of eavesdropping, the United States provides an excellent laboratory for a study of the problems involved. In some states law-enforcement wire tapping is legal, with certain formalities required, although not necessarily observed. In New York, for example, a wire can be legally tapped by court order, in Massachusetts with the written consent of a district attorney or the attorney general, in Louisiana without any authorization or regulation whatsoever. Pennsylvania, Illinois and California flatly prohibit wire tapping. But the result everywhere is the same. The police tap freely, and so do private detectives and others. Mr. Dash and his colleagues covered New York (Manhattan and Brooklyn), New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia and Las Vegas, and studied practice in England, where the authorities wire tap through the post office—on a relatively small scale.

In the United States the general pattern is one of cozy co-operation between the police and telephone company employees, and often also between telephone company employees and gamblers, racketeers, or private detectives. Sometimes the technicians operate as double agents, collecting from both sides. Sometimes the police tip off gamblers that other police have tapped their lines.

"For the right amount of money," the authors say, "anybody in Philadelphia could have a wire tap installed on anybody else's phone or a microphone concealed in anybody else's office or home." And Philadelphia is no different from any other city.

The only remedy for the individual is to follow the rule of the military services: assume that every telephone circuit is tapped by the enemy, and say nothing that he can use. Assurance of telephonic privacy—and even it is not absolute—is provided only between two pay stations, prearranged under conditions in which surveillance is impossible. As for precautions against bugging, the section of the book written by Mr. Schwartz, a kind of do-it-yourself treatise, contains some useful suggestions. Special care is advised for patrons of the brothels of Las Vegas. It seems that a "high-ranking law-enforcement officer" installed a microphone in every room of one of the most popular of the pleasure palaces and recorded the conversations of "visiting dignitaries." The records were preserved for sale, presumably to the dignitaries themselves.

Mr. Dash, who acted as director of the *Eavesdroppers* investigation, is a former trial attorney of the United States Department of Justice and former District Attorney of Philadelphia. Mr. Schwartz teaches at the Moore School of Electrical Engineering of the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Knowlton, who is responsible for the concluding section on "The Law," is a professor at the Rutgers Law School. The book depicts a thoroughly unpleasant society.

## Travels of the Sage Narada

The gods go barefoot, but they do not walk.
Either they stand on one foot or they fly.

I saw them practicing to appear as men:
Stumping about on their bare heels, they smiled.

The legs of gods are too short for their honor,
Although their gold humanities dazzle the eye.

They love their bodies so, as you may too,
And wonder at them tranquilly.

Only flight puts them at their ease,
Or when they sit and let themselves be loved.

JOHN BERRY



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# The Durable Germans

*GERMANY REJOINS THE POWERS.* By Karl W. Deutsch and Lewis J. Edinger. Stanford University Press. 320 pp. $6.50.

*James Stewart Martin*

FOR THE very reason that the authors make no secret of their own highly sympathetic attitude toward Germany and German aspirations, the result of this study should appall the planners of German policy in our State Department. The book itself may not gain a wide readership among general readers, because it is presented as a scholarly study in political science. It makes the usual attempts at objective formulation that we expect to find in modern social studies, with tables of figures, popular opinion surveys, mention of elites and all the rest.

What should jar the "Germany is our bulwark" wing, which has been carrying on where John Foster Dulles left off, is the clear evidence that the West Germany of today, like the united Germany of recent memory, is as ready as ever to play the middle against both ends, and has in fact been doing so with increasing success over the past fourteen years. In this respect the title of the book is misleading. The word "joins" carries a connotation of mutuality or sharing of a common purpose that the facts fail to support; whereas Germany's traditional position of *Deutschland über alles* is one that everybody except the State Department seems able to grasp.

After a brief discussion of the elite concept and its limitations, the authors open with a résumé of popular opinion polls showing the historical memories and present aspirations that set the mold for popular opinion in Germany. They outline the presently popular views on foreign policy issues such as neutralism, national reunification, rearmament and the fear of war; and they point out that opinion on these matters has been relatively stable for ten years.

In the light of this stability of opinion, there is a brief section discussing the established social strata in West German society, concluding with the key point that "the most important underlying cleavage is between friends and enemies of the Republic. . . . In practical terms, this still means the inconspicuous but persistent difference between Nazis and anti-Nazis. . . . The large majority of West German voters is against communism as it is against sin. Nazi sympathizers are alternately vehement in denouncing communism and ready to play with the thought of making alliances with Communists against the West, in line with the old Stalin-Hitler pact of 1939 and with some more recent 'national bolshevist' propaganda themes."

According to the authors' estimates based on the polls, about one German in eight is a "hard core" Nazi; about one-sixth of the younger voters, aged eighteen to twenty-nine, would welcome a new Nazi party and declare that National Socialism was "a good idea." About one voter in four shows up as an emotional supporter of the Nazis on all salient points; and about one in three favors the Nazi position on specific issues, such as anti-Semitism.

WHILE recording this relative stability of the general political philosophy, however, the authors recall many historical examples of drastic, almost overnight shifts in German foreign policy, the switching of alliances, the breaking of commitments wherever German national interests seemed to require it. "These reorientations were more dramatic than many of the policy changes in other Western countries; they were not gradual but rapid and sweeping; they took many contemporaries by surprise, but they were accepted by German opinion." In effect, the stable, permanent backing of opinion in Germany is for the idea that German national interests must be paramount. The choice of the means and the manner of serving that paramount interest is subject to abrupt change, with the likelihood of full popular support for whatever new alignment or orientation.

Having concluded their opening discussion of the "policy images in popular opinion," the authors turn to the institutions and elites which in their judgment actually take part in framing German foreign policy. These run from the formal governmental institutions which are supposed to act, through the political parties and their leaders—described as "key groups for decisions"—to the several legislative and executive elites comprising the "official actors." Then comes the consideration of the important parties behind the parties: the interest groups which act sometimes by gaining direct representation in the *Bundestag* or getting appointments to executive positions, sometimes by approaching officials and lobbying, and sometimes by other means.

AFTER discussing briefly the trade unions and the various groups like the Committee of Christian Employers, the Committee for Refugee Problems, and others which are linked rather directly to political parties, the authors move to the crucial matter of the giant German business organizations. "Big business, tightly organized into national interest associations and dominated by relatively few men, has long been the most powerful effective private interest group in Germany. . . . German banks, corporations, and business associations generously subsidized political parties and leaders who appeared willing and able to further their interests in the executive and legislative branches of the government. . . . Despite allied efforts during the period of occupation to diminish the concentration of German business organizations and the power of their leaders, the German business elite today exercises an influence in national affairs which rivals that of any period in the past."

The authors mention eight national associations of German businessmen as most powerful in this area. An analysis of the ten men who in 1956 controlled these associations indicates that in background and experience they are much closer to the traditional foreign service and military elites than to the political elite that now forms the government of West Germany. They conclude that the support of the Adenauer government by the business groups has been based solely on the fact that their interests for the moment coincide. They cite a study that Gabriel Almond made in 1954 of the political attitudes of German business leaders. Almond "concluded that they supported the Adenauer government 'because it has followed a sound economic policy from their point of view, and because it has been successful in rehabilitating Germany on the international scene.' The 'basic pattern of political irresponsibility' which characterized the business elite in the past, Almond found 'fundamentally unchanged.'"

General Clay's military government, with State Department approval, scuttled the postwar policy against reconcentration of control in German industry and put these same politically irresponsible business leaders back into power. There they have been making a shirt front of the Adenauer government just as surely as they and their predecessors made a puppet of the Brüning government before Hitler.

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*JAMES STEWART MARTIN headed the Decartelization Branch of U.S. Military Government in Germany in the postwar years. He is the author of* All Honorable Men, *the story of decartelization in Germany.*



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In the light of the findings, the third major section of the book, depicting "the system in operation," takes on added importance when it shows how the tremendous input of U.S. financial aid, which was so necessary to the "economic miracle" of West Germany's rapid recovery in the late 1940s and early 1950s, is of declining significance today. There follows a subsection on the European Coal and Steel Community, showing its contribution toward the recovery of German influence; and then other subsections leading to the discussion of the growing importance of themes related to German reunification. The handwriting on the wall should have begun to decipher itself by this point. In connection with the possibilities of increased trade and investment to the East, and the need felt for German unification, an about-face, a tying-in with Soviet interests by a future German administration, just as abruptly as in the case of the Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939, is by no means impossible or improbable.

THE concluding section of the book, on "Prospects and Perspectives," should be studied in the light of the authors' own biases which are quite openly declared at the beginning of their account:

> We cannot think about Germany without a sense of sympathy, of compassion for her tragedies, of warm affection of all that is lovable in her culture and her people. . . . For better or for worse, the authors of this book are committed to the search for truth. Less than three decades ago, German democracy crumbled, and German culture and the German people drifted to destruction, with vast suffering for themselves and for their neighbors. We shall try to identify the influences in Germany which are now working against a recurrence of this tragedy. But where we found evidence of trends or conditions working for instability and another possible catastrophe, we have tried to name them.

The evidence of "trends or conditions working for instability and another possible catastrophe" brought out by the authors appears ample, whereas the influences working against recurrence remain largely to be demonstrated. Thus, the hopeful concluding projections that depict a possibly brighter future, when read in conjunction with this statement of the authors' predilections, are not overwhelmingly convincing.

# LETTER from URUGUAY

## *Vance Bourjaily*

AS WE got ready to leave, things were finally cheering up in Uruguay — as they do each year in Florida — because the tourists were coming. For Uruguay, the tourists are the prosperous Argentinians who spend their Australian summer on the beaches they annually make fashionable. Earlier, we had found Uruguay a sad, grasping little country. As it made preparations for the annual fleecing of Argentinians, I was reminded again and again of resort areas at home in similar states of preparation.

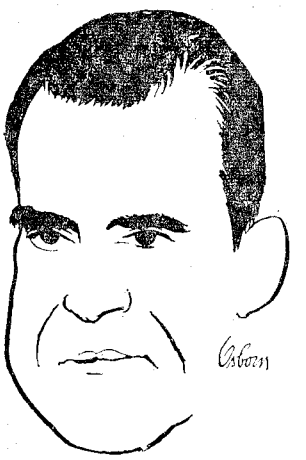
We left, perhaps, just as things were getting good, so as not to be fleeced any further. A North American tourist is both a curiosity and a dream here; it is as if the people, who expect our government to solve their government's financial problems, imagine that the coming of individual North American families as clients could solve each Uruguayan's individual financial problems as well.

A few weeks ago, for example, we arranged through a mutual acquaintance to visit a large ranch, an *estancia,* with the notion that we might want to spend several months there as paying guests. It is a remote place and hence necessarily self-sufficient, slaughtering its own animals for meat, growing its own fruits and vegetables, to feed the couple who run it and their fifty hands. To have us there would not increase the overhead much, and we were told that the couple, daughter and son-in-law of the owners, would be glad of some company.

THE house turned out to be large, but disappointingly fixed up with much chintz; the occupants had visited the States and apparently absorbed a lot of interior decorating influence from our bungalow belt.

I talked with the man, and my wife with his wife. I was not his dream of a North American; he was surprised that I spoke Spanish and asked worriedly whether it wouldn't be necessary to supply us with a lot of whiskey. I said we'd drink whatever they did, and reflected

*VANCE BOURJAILY is the author of* The Hound of Earth (*Scribner's*) *and* The Violated (*Dial Press*).

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that this was not my dream, either, of the rough, vigorous and wide-open *estancia* life, a dream I carried with me from reading W. H. Hudson. However, the couple was lonely and seemed to want us; for my part, I thought it would be a good place for the kids, and a quiet one for me to work in. I could hunt there, too, and might learn to accept the fact that W. H. Hudson hadn't been in Uruguay for a hundred years or so.

I had been concerned over what to offer them in payment, and now felt that, in view of how highly-developed the house was, I ought to offer a little more than I'd have had to for the kind of life we'd have preferred. Moreover, I wanted to be generous, and so I said: "Perhaps around nine dollars a day?" Which was the rate for room and meals at the rather nice resort hotel where we were staying.

I had expected him to be elated; instead his face fell. "No, no. Thirty dollars a day," he said, with a kind of awful, naked cupidity which made me feel sad and stupid; I had imagined it was us they wanted.

I AM willing to believe that Uruguayans have come recently to cupidity, as recently as their nearly total dependence on the tourist business. It has not been long since a comfortable blanket of wool was pulled away from them by, as I understand it, growing self-sufficiency in wool of countries which had been their customers; before that, it was meat they exported. Now there is nothing much to export, and nearly everything they use must come from outside, for there is little manufacturing and no local material for it. The quite tidy Socialist government, which had taken such nice care of the old and poor and, it seems, of half the middle-class population of Montevideo as well, could no longer continue to operate smoothly with its income cut 60 per cent by inflation. And the one key Socialist measure which might have made recovery possible is the one which even this most Socialist of all South American governments has never dared take: the redistribution of land. Accordingly, small farmers and ranchers, who could grow the food Uruguay needs, and who might have the flexibility to convert quickly from wool and meat to crops which would have export value, simply do not exist.

I would have faith in the Uruguayan *campesinos* (the word *gaucho* isn't used any longer) as small ranchers, were they permitted the role, and for a simple-minded enough reason: I like *campesinos*. They are tough, good-natured, generous and ingenious — and they are disappearing into Montevideo at the rate of thousands a year. They are, or so every Uruguayan I've talked to agrees, the country's most important resource when they stay on the land, and the country's most severe problem when they move to the city. But in the country, there is nothing for them; in the city, they can join the relief rolls, compete for jobs as hotel kitchen helpers, or become criminals; they learn to wear the long face of the Montevidean middle class.

I DO not know if Montevideans were always long-faced. There may have been joy in the days when the Uruguayan *peso* was the continent's most stable currency — so true was this that millions were banked here by South America's war profiteers, and one cannot be sorry that the inflation, when it came, wiped out almost two-thirds of these hoardings. On the other hand, one must be a little sorry for the middle-class Montevideans themselves, for they had so little preparation for the scrounge and scramble which is characteristic of other middle-class life in South America.

That things have run out for the Uruguayans, and that they are hurt and baffled by it, accounts perhaps for the present stagnation of what was once a great literary tradition. There's some energy here in the theatre, but otherwise the cultivation of men like Rodó is a half-forgotten memory rather than a live tradition, something which belonged to the fathers of present-day Uruguayans. I could not even buy a copy of a contemporary novel several people recommended to me; it is out of print, and no one considers reissuing it.

Life now takes energy here, and the ones who have it are mostly Italian and Spanish immigrants; and one of the chief uses for the energy is the daily battle with bureaucracy which, established to serve these people, now exists to obstruct them. A man with something in customs, for example, may spend half a year in daily trips to government offices, getting authorizations and rulings to get it out; it is worth telling prospective tourists that Uruguayan customs is the most obdurate, complicated and irritating of all the customs systems I've encountered in South America.

BUT why should there be prospective tourists, if things are as I say? The beaches for one thing. The ocean beaches are really magnificent, and the fishing from them first-rate. The beaches along the Rio de la Plata, on which Montevideo is situated, have, I do not doubt, quite a gay club and casino life in season. But for me the main attraction of Uruguay has been something quite special; I like birds, both watching them and hunting them and, as a man I know there remarked, the whole country is an aviary.

This is a change from much of South America, where there has been so much hunting pressure on game birds that, having recently had an abundance like that of North America in the early nineteenth-century, they are now entering a period of depletion as bad as the one we suffered before the establishment of modern game laws and conservation practices.

In rural Uruguay this is not so; there have been reductions in some species of upland game birds, but there are thousands of doves, and I know at least one waterfowl area, of which people here are generally unaware, which must be one of the world's great concentrations. This, with one or two nice friendships, balanced our stay in Uruguay somewhat but, in sum, we were glad to leave.


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# FILMS

## *Robert Hatch*

FROM those who saw it, I gather that *Suddenly, Last Summer* was not one of Tennessee Williams' most satisfactory plays. But surely it must have generated more speculation, or legitimate suspense, than is provided by the current movie version. Since Mr. Williams, with the help of Gore Vidal, prepared the script, I wonder whether there is something in Joseph Mankiewicz's direction that produces the serial thriller tone the work now displays. He has turned out a polished film, and one that deals boldly with the ugly theme, but he has certainly not wasted any subtlety on the job.

When Katharine Hepburn, playing a rich widow and bereaved mother, makes her first entrance descending in a baroque private elevator and clad in what appear to be rich winding sheets intricately draped; when she takes the brilliant young brain surgeon (Montgomery Clift) into a steaming garden that features carnivorous plants and chained carrion birds, there to tell him—with many an odd irrelevancy and alarming collapse of intonation—that she and her son, Sebastian, enjoyed a spiritual communion unavailable to the run of mortals, the viewer is entitled to suspect that the lady is mad. When she then makes clear that she will pay a million dollars to have a lobotomy performed on a niece whose brain harbors shocking memories of Sebastian's last hours, the film collapses into an issue of medical ethics too naked for dramatic effect. The girl, played by Elizabeth Taylor, is obviously no more in need of brain surgery than she is of bust enhancement, and the hanky-panky as to whether good Dr. Clift will get out his saw and earn the new research institute is flat tedium. Since Tennessee Williams does not write Grand Guignol, the girl's pretty head is never in serious peril.

I had wondered how the screen would handle the now-notorious "off stage" tale of Sebastian's death. This aspect of the work was well done. As Miss Taylor, under hypnosis, relates the story of perversion, turning into pack blood lust; of Sebastian pursued, pulled down and ritually eaten by the Riviera beach boys, the film sketches the episode in the key of a ferocious ballet. Sebastian's face is never shown, but whoever portrays him beautifully demonstrates by gesture and attitude the epicene young tyrant his mother's infatuated monologue has earlier suggested. As a result, this bizarre homosexual nightmare becomes the one artistically persuasive section in an otherwise coldly fabricated melodrama.

BLACK ORPHEUS, made by the French director, Marcel Camus, in Rio de Janeiro, is an example of taste in search of a style. It is full of good ideas and moving perceptions, the performers are naturally alive and often beautiful, the grandiose scenery is worked cogently into the narrative (though the color looks applied) and the poignant tale of found-lost love is appropriate to the primitive urban society from which it is made to spring.

But somehow the film never ignites. In part this is because the direction does not sustain the virtually untrained actors in the difficult task of playing mundane roles with mythic overtones. There is no point in calling your characters Orpheus, Eurydice, Hermes, etc. unless the actors can convey something of the implications. These quite charming performers would, I suspect, have worked

## Chain

I was chopping wood when I heard it, wild and clear
across the daring interval of snow
like the cry of a newborn child. The axe fell
from my hand. The echoes cracked within my ear like ice
before the wind. I put my snowshoes on
and started out. It took an hour to find him —
a loon, his foot half off, his eyes bleared
with pain. I drew the steel jaws apart.
He slid to the ground. His wings shuddered twice,
and were still. I raised him up, thinking of the warmth
within. His beak fastened like a vice. My cry
rang out in silver links across the dark,
and echoed on the lake, the hills, the wind.

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brilliantly as young men and women of Rio's seething Negro community, if they had not been turned stiff by a quick course in the Greek pantheon. They could have responded sensitively to a tragedy in their own terms, for they show inherent sensitivity at many turns, but the story has been thickened by the attemped allegory.

And the editing is heavy. Carnival in Rio becomes an oppression of noise, with excessive close-ups of fast action and with overlong scenes of the undifferentiated jiggling dance that is apparently the native form. I was grateful for specific scenes—a hilarious, bawdy, yet tender love passage between two of the supporting players, a frightening religious orgy in a crypto-Christian church, a ferryboat (it looks like one of the Fort Lee ferries, sold down the river in its old age) pulsing with hundreds of stomping celebrants—but I felt in the end that the film gave up a chance for simple and tragic beauty by trying to be significant and spectacular. Ambition corrupted the style.

# MUSIC

## *Lester Trimble*

THE FIRST program in the New York Philharmonic's Mahler Festival was conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos; it offered Mahler's Symphony No. 5, and with it the *Grosse Fuge*, Opus 133, by Beethoven, in Weingartner's string-orchestra arrangement. Two movements of the featured work were given before the intermission and two after; a splendid way of handling a difficult programing situation and of helping to relieve the weight of length in this inordinately long symphony.

Mahler has always been a controversial figure. He is one of that special breed of composer whose music wraps a mystique about itself like an Arab tent, the inside of which smells like heaven to some people and smothers others. In my experience, the ones in this country who feel most at home on the inside are likely to be expatriate Viennese musicians or critics who find Mahler's melodic style a handy club with which to beat contemporary composers. There are, also, a very few enthusiasts among the composing fraternity itself. These are usually musicians who want desperately to continue the Germanic symphonic tradition, which is supposed to have died after Mahler, and to make warm contact with a mass audience. For the latter purpose, Mahler's sprawling, late-romantic kind of composition appears a likely answer. Shostakovitch, as a particular instance among contemporary Soviet musicians, has shown his affection for Mahler. If the Russian's music had not been harmed by the very diseases of giantism and diffuseness which he caught from the earlier composer, this would be a better recommendation.

I HAVE never stayed with any determination either inside or outside the Mahler tent. Eavesdropping at the flap, much of what I have heard has been attractive. But I do not believe in art which cannot be appreciated or judged except by special, or lax, criteria, and I am resistant to all-night monologues. Mahler, it seems to me, has no real relationship to the mainstream of twentieth-century music. But there is a flawed beauty in his work which I find intriguing.

Of the four long movements in the Fifth Symphony, the only one that really holds together is the Adagietto. This is often played as an independent piece, and I suspect the public has made it a favorite partly because the feelings and form are disciplined sufficiently to achieve coherence. It has a very special mood and a very distinct something to say.

Unfortunately, Mitropoulos did not conduct this movement very tellingly. The pervading difficulty of the *Adagietto* — its vagueness of pulse — was allowed to get out of hand, and as a result there was at one moment no pulse at all, and at another such an excess of rubato that a series of awkward, fictitious pulses were erected.

The other movements of the symphony wander around in the subjective miasma that only a programatic symphony dares entertain. Since Mahler disliked spelling out the scenario of an orchestral work, the listener has one of two choices in his response: either he grants the composer freedom to go anywhere he likes, without respect to abstract musical logic — which is to say that anything at all goes — or he admits to himself that he is lost in a sea of arbitrariness. My response is the latter. The *Rondo-Finale*, as an example, seems to me the absolute apotheosis of the *non sequitur*; its fugal razzmatazz getting nowhere; the music changing direction every few bars, especially toward the end. By almost any standards, it is a very messy job of composition.

BEETHOVEN'S *Grosse Fuge*, on the other hand, is one of the most amazing works in the entire literature. It is the only Beethoven opus which almost seems to bear out the contention of some of the composer's contemporaries that he was mad. He was not, of course. But the *Grosse Fuge* embodies such concentrated demonic force, and moves so boldly beyond the rhythmic and contrapuntal boundaries which, even to the end of his career, Beethoven usually stayed within, that it ends by staggering both intellect and feeling. I was glad to hear the work even in the Weingartner version. But the *Grosse Fuge* does not really speak properly except when played by the quartet of strings for which it was written. Some of the tensile quality goes out; the superhuman concentration of force within a capsule of instruments cannot take place. The *Grosse Fuge* is a bizarre piece, but no feat of orchestral expansion will normalize it.


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Editor's Note

GORE VIDAL has asked us to state that he did not supply the title used for his essay on Norman Mailer (*The Nation*, January 2).



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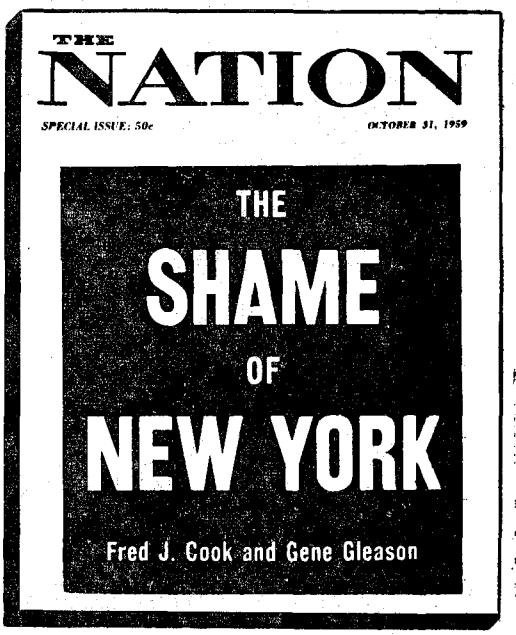


## *Mrs. Roosevelt Calls ( Sufficient to Discon*

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt told 1,000 women yesterday that she thought there was enough proof in the recent magazine article "The Shame of New York" to make "many of us uncomfortable."

The article, which took up the entire Oct. 31 issue of The Nation, gave instances of alleged corruption and collusion in city government.

Mrs. Roosevelt said that "many have hoped that subse- ... would discredit" ... armament membersh ... takes a li ... a change ... She indic ... who shou ... in this co ... admission ... She sa ... not subsc ... Khrushch ... world dis ... Disarm ... may not ... she decla ... she thought, there would ... "mechanical ways of know ... whether people are keep ...

## 'Shame of N. Y.' Still Valid, Isaacs Tells Local ADA

Stanley M. Isaacs, the only Republican on the City Council, last week defended the authors of "The Shame of New York" at a meeting of the Greenwich Village branch of the Americans for Democratic Action.

The article comprised the special October 31 issue of the Nation magazine, and led to events which caused its authors, Fred J. Cook ... the ... Wo ... C ... Coo ... "on ... of t ... the ... pare ... the ... conc ...

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By EMANUEL PERLMUTTER

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By WOOD
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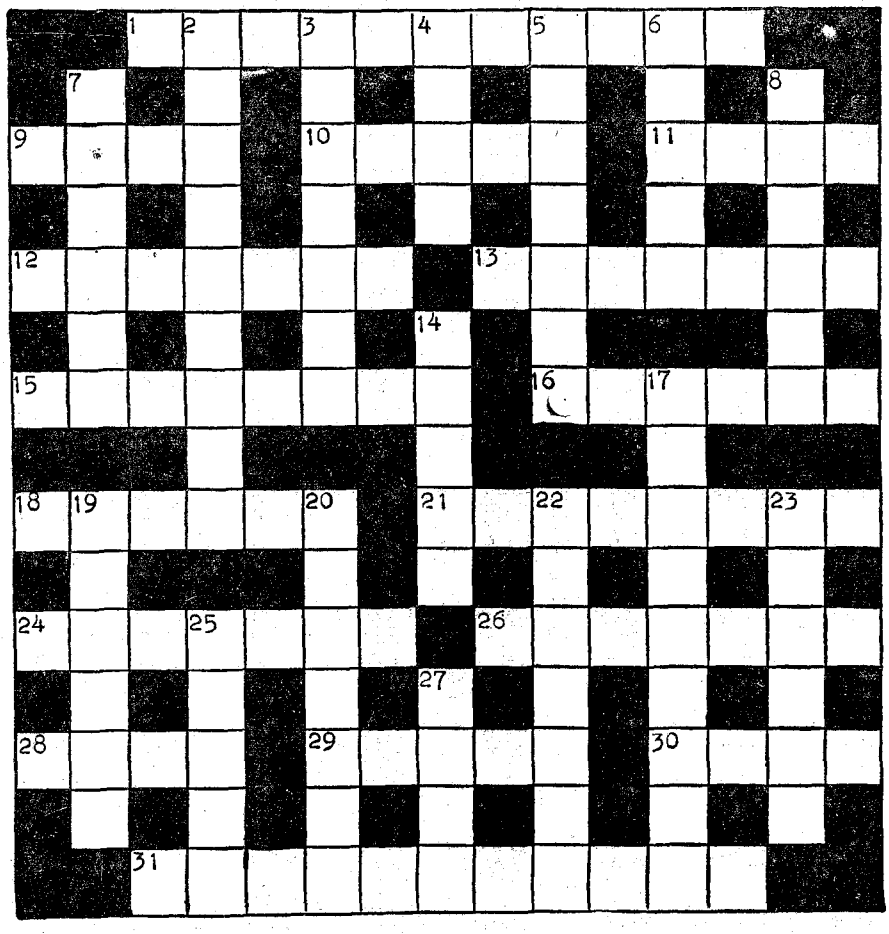
# Crossword Puzzle No. 850

**By FRANK W. LEWIS**



### ACROSS:

1 One way of making a livelihood uses nibs, etc. (11)
10 An article that's best surrounded by a coarse person. (5)
11 Where one might land on the other side of 4 and 14. (4)
12 Put off the track. (7)
13 Mention the wrong branch of learning in it, and get salt. (7)
15 How more than one 10 was taken in by the craft of 30. (3, 2, 3)
16 Put an end to the game! (6)
18 Plot system. (6)
21 When I was born, they showed promise! (8)
24 Eats around the edge of what might keep an 18 from coming off. (4-3)
26 It's wrong to lie, as it is to keep apart. (7)
28 The apterous heart of the music. (4)
29 The part of the match the watchman makes. (5)
30 The grand old man of the shanty. (4)
31 The best diner is not necessarily on the right side. (4, 7)

### DOWN:

2 Without power to surround a number incapable of being defended. (9)
3 Strangely enough, it might be the object painted! (7)
4 and 14 What 31 has at the table isn't left. (9)
5 I resent such intrusions! (7)
6 The logical season for a prank. (5)
7 Cohan was a real live one. (6)
8 Its rag can't be paid for. (6)
17 Push over, perhaps, in a winding Cuban lane. (9)
19 and 9 Military order? There ought to be at least one on the Acropolis. (6, 4)
20 Did Andersen imply his clothes meant nothing to him? (7)
22 A knowing one suggests where to look for a hard quality in turn. (7)
23 A good king to humor—archaically, besides. (6)
25 The way one might assume the pot is cracked? (5)
27 Victor, perhaps, deserving an embrace, but nothing more. (4)

**SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 849**

ACROSS: 1 Cabbages; 5 Basket; 10 Verse; 11 Impudence; 12 Abalone; 13 Incisor; 14 and 16 Middle-of-the-road; 15 Gascons; 18 Cantrip; 21 Vacate; 24 Templar; 26 Sunbeam; 27 Adornment; 28 Roost; 29 Desist; 30 Crusader. DOWN: 1 and 23 Caveat emptor; 2 Barbarian; 3 Adenoid; 4 Evil eye; 6 Adduces; 7 Kings; 8 Theorist; 9 Spring; 17 Scotland; 19 Relents; 20 Porter; 21 Visitor; 22 Canards; 25 Moods.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